

## A TESTIMONIAL.



"Dear Doctor: I took one bottle of your nerve, and it has made a new woman of me. Yours, DAISY UPTODATE."

## The Scheme That Failed.

"How would you like to make a little money?" asked the natty young man, addressing the weather-beaten boatman of the Bronx.

"First-rate, stranger," replied the bronze-faced Charon, making room on the rude bench under the shade tree.

"Well, there's a five-spot in it for you if you'll help me out with my little scheme," continued the young man, with a mysterious wink. "You see that girl in the plaid shirt-waist, standing up on the bank under the big beech? Well, she'll be worth \$200,000 when her old man drops off. I want to marry that girl, understand? I've been in love with her two years now, but I'm not satisfied with the progress I am making. She's a rather romantic little thing, and I guess if I could do something to make her think I was a hero that she'd just throw herself into my arms and consent to live on \$15 a week until the old gentleman coughed up his pile."

"But how kin I help yer out?" queried the puzzled boatman.

"I was just coming to that," returned the mys-

## GREEN GOODS FOR CITY FOLKS.



"For the lan's sake, Uriah, what be that sign yer puttin' up on the dog's house?"  
"Jest a poetic name to impress them city people. We must work this real estate boom for all it's worth."

In the South Sea Islands.  
MISSIONARY—You say this morning's offertory was large. What did it amount to?

ASSISTANT—A basket of yams, twenty-three pearls and seven good-sized gold fillings.

## THE JOURNAL KINETOSCOPE.

## THE FARMER AND THE FIGHT.

## Light on the Depths.

SPINKS—Some epigrammatist says that "verity is nudity." What can the idiot mean?

JINKS—Oh, that's evident enough. It's only his way of talking about the naked truth.

## A SISTER TO HIM.



HUGH (just rejected)—Here's a problem for you, Miss 'Jinny.'  
VIRGINIA (the flirtations)—H'm?  
HUGH—What relation am I to all your other brothers?

## He Won the Heiress.

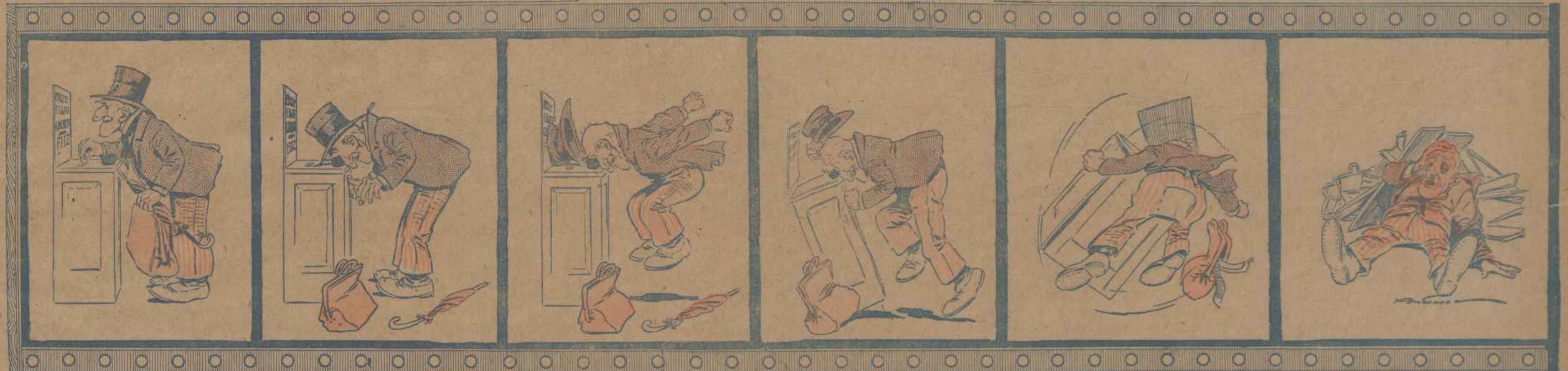
The heiress surveyed her titled suitor with cold disdain.

"No, my lord," she said, slowly and distinctly, "I cannot be your wife."

"But why?" queried his lordship, with the persistency of a man who would fain resuscitate dying hopes.

"Because," she answered, "I do not love you. I am an American girl, and a true American girl marries for love alone. Your empty title has for me no attractions whatever. The glitter of a coronet does not dazzle my eyes, and for me there is more glory in the knowledge that it was my grandfather's business ability that won for my family its present wealth and social standing than in the ancient lineage of which you seem so proud."

"But only think for a moment," pleaded the nobleman, "of the many desirable advantages that would be yours if you should marry me. Why, you could even live at court if you so desired."



terious young lover. "Can't you fix one of those boats of yours so that it will fill with water and sink about the time we get out in the middle of the river? I can swim like an eel, so there'll be no fear about my getting the girl ashore all right. When she recovers she will think I am the greatest hero that ever lived, and I wouldn't be surprised if we got married on the way home. Isn't it a film-dandy of a scheme?"

"There ain't nuthin' th' matter with th' scheme, young feller," replied the boatman, "an' I'd go into it if I was sure there was nuthin' th' matter with you, but I got kitched on a hook like that once an' I ain't bitin' at th' same bait th' second time."

"How's that," inquired the young man.

"It was this way, see?" Some years ago a feller like you brought a gal up here an' give me th' same song and dance. I bit like a sucker. Well, blame me, when th' boat sank in th' middle o' th' creek if th' feller didn't swim ashore an' leave th' gal go to th' bottom."

"Couldn't he save her?" asked the would-be hero.

"Didn't want'er," sneered the boatman. "That gal was his wife, an' th' boat racket was cheaper than a divorce. It was a close shave fer th' pair o' us, an' I come nigh leavin' th' Coroner's jury make a presentment that wud hev' had me indicted. Now, young feller, you might be all right, but I ain't takin' no chances."

Properly Described.  
NED—Isn't the waitress pretty?  
TED—Yes; quite fetching.

## TAKEN AT THE RATE OF A MILLION A MINUTE.

## GALLANTRY IN BLACKVILLE.



"I'll jest get into dat hammock an' do de contemplation act."

"Aint dis fine?"

"Wal, if here aint Sally Softsoap coming. I'll have one on her."

Made of Poor Timber.  
"He is a chip off the old block."  
"Then the old block was a stick."

"I do not desire it!"  
The last scion of an ancient race arose and flicked a few specks of dust from his knees. Then he spoke, and his voice was strident with despair.

"It is impossible for me to express the depth of my regret at your decision," he said. "I love you sincerely. Often have I pictured your beautiful face amid the ancient splendor of my castle home, and many a night in my dreams I have seen you pedaling gracefully along my magnificent bicycle path!"

The heiress interrupted his remarks with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Your—er—what?" she asked, nervously. "I didn't quite understand."

"My superb bicycle path," replied his lordship proudly. "I recently had constructed through the estate."

A moment the beautiful girl stood in silent wonder. Then, with an hysterical cry that achieved a large circulation through the ambient atmosphere, and struck the noble tympanum of this illustrious representative of a foreign aristocracy with a sound like the clink of American dollars, she threw herself unreservedly into his willing arms.

## A FIELD OF STUDY.



FRIEND—Where are you going this Summer?  
ARTIST—To Kentucky.  
FRIEND—What are you going there for?  
ARTIST—To study still life.

## NOT THE RIGHT KIND.



"Bridget, why don't you light the gas in the kitchen?"  
"Sure, mum, the only matches I could find wuz parlor matches."

## Resented.

CACTUS CHARLEY—I heard you shot a tenderfoot in yer place las' night.

SURE SHOT SAM (proprietor of dance hall)—Yep. I couldn't stand his insinuations.

CACTUS CHARLEY—What did he insinuate?

SURE SHOT SAM—Asked me if we danced nothin' but square dances. I quickly convinced the crowd that everything in my place is square.

## Was He a New York Giant?

FIRST BASEBALL PLAYER—I am tired of this hard luck. I wish things would begin to come my way.

SECOND BASEBALL PLAYER—You'd miff 'em if they did.

## Food for Reflection.

REV. MR. LONGLIFF (anxiously)—How did you like my substitute's sermon last Sunday, Deacon?

DEACON BLUNTLEIGH—It was a treat.



"Here's where I lay me down!"

## Who So Brave as to Follow?

FLO—Do you know, I had the most unpleasant sort of an adventure to-day. A would-be masquerader followed me for blocks, and there wasn't a policeman anywhere in sight to appeal to.

GLADYS—Dear me! How did you escape from him?

FLO—I went into the first dry goods store where there was a bargain sale going on.

## Education.

"You graduated from the cooking school in a month. Pretty short time in which to learn so extensive an art, wasn't it?"

"Well, you know I was proficient in French before."

## All Occupied.

BROWNE—New York is full of skyscrapers and elevated railroads.

TOWNE—Yes; a poor man hasn't even room to build a castle in the air.